Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thisbie.*

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and haire knit now againe.

Pyra. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* toomb meete me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.

Du. Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kinde are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Duke. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Heere come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Ly
For if I ſhould, as Lyon co
Into this place, t'were pitty

Duke. A very gentle beaſ

Deme. The very beſt at a

Lyſ. This Lyon is a very

Duke. True, and a Gooſe

De. Not ſo my Lord. For
cretion; and the Fox carrie

Duke. His diſcretion I
For the Gooſe carries not t
diſcretion, and let vs hearke

Moon. This lanthorne do

Deme. He ſhould haue w

Duk. He is no creſcent, an
in the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne d
My ſelfe, the man ith' Moon

Duke. This is the greate
ſhould be put into the Lan
i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not com
For you ſee, it is already in

Dutch. I am weary of this

Duke. It appeares by his ſ
is in the wane: but yet in c
the time.

Lyſand. Proceed Moone

Moone. All that I haue t
thorne is the Moone; I, the
buſh, my thorne buſh, and t

Deme. Why all theſe ſh
they are in the Moone. But

Enter T

Th. This is old *Ninies* too

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDI